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THE  
**BEST MIRTH;**  
OR,  
**THE MELODY OF SION.**  
BEING  
A COLLECTION OF SPIRITUAL HYMNS,  
COMPOSED ON DIVERS OCCASIONS.

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BY JOHN WRIGHT. K

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*THE SECOND EDITION CORRECTED.*

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AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG BEFORE THE THRONES, AND BEFORE THE FOUR BEASTS, AND THE ELDERS : AND NO MAN COULD LEARN THAT SONG, BUT THE HUNDRED FORTY AND FOUR THOUSAND, WHICH WERE REDEEMED FROM THE EARTH.—Rev. xiv. 3.

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## PREFACE.

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IN order to the right performance of a duty, three things must be known.

- I. *That the thing propounded is a duty.*
- II. *How it ought to be performed.*
- III. *The end and usefulness thereof.*

I shall speak a few words to each of these : And because some persons are doubtful, whether singing of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, especially in the public congregation, be a duty ; I shall endeavour to prove,

I. That singing of Psalms and Hymns is the duty of believers under the New Testament. Singing is a certain framing and tuning of the voice, distinct from all other modes of framing or ordering of it, as appears by *Exod. xxxii. 18.* *It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome; but the noise of them that sing do I hear.* Now that singing the praises of God, and our Redeemer, is the duty of the

people of God, is evident from hence ; because we find it practised, and to be practised in all times and ages of the Church ; therefore there is no time wherein the Church may neglect this duty.

1st. It was practised before the law. *Exod. xv. 1. Then sang Moses and the Children of Israel, this song unto the Lord, &c.*

2dly, It was practised by the Church under the law. *For in the days of David and Asaph of old, there were chief of the singers, and songs of praise and thanksgiving unto God. Nehem. xii. 46.*

3dly. Our Saviour himself sung an hymn, with his disciples, at his last supper before his crucifixion. *Mat. xxvi. 30. And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.*

4thly. We find the Apostle enjoins this as an ordinance to the Churches in the first age of the gospel. *Eph. v. 19. Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing and*

*making melody in your heart to the Lord.* So Col. iii. 16. *Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs.* By this it appears, that singing is a teaching ordinance, and therefore to be esteemed.

5thly. Under the Church's trouble and persecution in New Testament days, *The four beasts, and the four and twenty elders* (which represent the whole body of ministers and private Christians) *sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, &c.* They are said to sing a new song, because they sung with more of the spirit of the Gospel, than Old Testament saints did; and they sung from a foresight of their deliverance and future glory; for a part of their song is, *We shall reign on the earth,* Rev. v. 9, 10. They did not reign then, but sung in the belief of it, and so should we.

6thly. In the time of Christ's glorious kingdom, the saints shall sing his

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6thly. In the time of Christ's glorious kingdom, the saints shall sing his

praises, *Isa. xxvi. 1.* *In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah. We have a strong city, salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.* The saints shall sing in their resurrection from the dead. Ver. 19. *Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust.* Tongues shall cease (they shall have but one language) but the tongue shall never cease. I shall shew,

## II. *How this duty ought to be performed.*

1st. We should sing in faith, believing in the righteousness of that Redeemer whose praises we sing; the blood of Jesus Christ, warmly applied to our own souls, is an excellent means to draw forth songs from our lips, *Psal. lxxi. 23.* *My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee, and my soul which thou hast redeemed.* 'Tis sweet singing, to sing in the views of redemption-love.

2dly. We should sing with an holy composedness and cheerfulness of mind. A singing heart, with a sing-

ing tongue, makes good music ; the affection must be suitable to the expression. *Is any merry? let him sing Psalms.* Jam. v. 13.

3dly. We must sing with a spiritual understanding of those praises which we sing, and of the excellency of him who is the subject of our rejoicing ; and in such a manner as those we sing with may be edified, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. *I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.*

### III. *The end of our singing should be,*

1st. To glorify God, in obeying his command, and paying that tribute of praise, which, as creatures and new creatures, we owe to him, *Psal. cxxxix. 14. I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.*

2dly. Another end of our singing should be, to teach and inform others; our spiritual songs should be songs of *Maschil*, songs giving instruction ; we should teach and admonish one an-

ther by the performance of this duty. And this is not only a teaching ordinance, but it may be a converting ordinance, as the Apostle intimates, **1 Cor. xiv. 24. 26.** *For every one of you hath a Psalm, hath a doctrine, &c.* and by the exercise of these gifts in the church, one that believed not was convinced of all, he was judged of all; that is, the word of God in the ministry of it by these persons, and their different gifts, found out his sins, and convinced him of them; and so falling down on his face, he worshipped God.

Lastly, Another end of singing is, to lift up our own spirits, to cheer and enlarge our minds, for the better performing other duties: sometimes a believer shall meet with such a raising gale of the spirit in this ordinance as he seldom meets with in any other; so that he can say with David, *Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee,* Psalm cxvi. 7.

1727.

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THE  
BEST MIRTH ;  
OR,  
*THE MELODY OF SION.*

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HYMN I.

*On the Covenant of Redemption between  
the Father and the Son.*

THE Father to the Son did say,  
*How shall my grace be known ?*  
The answer was, By saving those,  
Who have themselves undone.

*But how, my Son ? But how, my Son ?*  
Methinks Jehovah said ;  
Then Jesus said, Lord, I will come,  
And so his mind was stay'd.

B

Let's enter into covenant,  
A compact we will make ;  
All thy demands I will fulfil:  
Thus did our *Jesus* spake.

*Say'st so, my Son ; my heart is won,*  
*What wilt thou have of me ?*  
A body, office, and wisdom,  
Whereby I may serve thee.

*'Tis ready for thee, my dear Son ?*  
*And wilt thou any more ?*  
Yes, Father, let thy kingdom come ;  
Assist me by thy power.

*Come up my Son, tell me thy mind ;*  
*For sure here is not all :*  
Then Father, let my seed incline  
To hearken to thy call.

And let my works acceptance find,  
And justify thou me ;  
And, further, for to ease my mind,  
Let me believe on thee :

*All this I will, and what remain,*  
*Yea, I will quicken thee ;*  
*And raise thee from the grave again.*  
*With power, and majesty.*

## HYMN II.

*At the Lord's Supper.*

OUR Lord, on high, doth cast his eye  
On us his children dear ;  
Then let us to the throne draw nigh,  
And worship him in fear.

The burning mount doth not appear,  
Old *Sinai*'s sound is gone ;  
On *Sion*'s hill, we have our fill  
Of grace, by *Christ* alone.

Our graces may sometimes decay,  
Those jewels will grow dim ;  
But the great pearl its beams displays,  
And we are bright in him.

In darkness we shall sometimes be,  
From want and woe within ;  
But *Christ* our king doth make us sing,  
As freed from death and sin.

The tempests beat, the floods do flow,  
Yet we in safety dwell ;  
Because there is an ark below,  
Which bears us up so well..

The bush doth burn, and yet it stands,  
Which makes us turn to see ;  
But 'tis, because the angel's hands  
Preserve it constantly.

The wildernes gives us no less  
Than *manna* night and day ;  
Our table's due is bread most true,  
Our water life alway.

And *Jesus*, he will ready be,  
To grant our souls desire ;  
Since gospel-light doth shine so bright,  
Let us have altar-fire.

---

## HYMN III.

*On the Glory of Heaven.*

**T**HREE is a glorious place above,  
Which Scriptures *HEAVEN* call,  
The place of saints perfect in love,  
From whence they never fall.

There is no dearth, nor famine there,  
There joy is all fulnes ;  
They live, and spend, world without end,  
And yet have ne'er the less.

Sickness and pain cannot remain  
In any dweller there ;  
For there is balm, and waters calm,  
And living fountains clear.

The blessed Lamb may here be seen,  
Whose wounds did make a cure ;  
Whose face now shines with light divine,  
His presence is most pure.

There *David, Paul, and Peter* sing,  
And singing never cease ;  
There *Laz'rus* sits with *Christ* his king,  
And *Stephen* dwells in peace.

There *Saul* and *Barnabas* agree,  
And *Lot* no incest knows ;  
There *Jacob* from deceit is free,  
And *Job* no curses sows.

There *Simon* will his master own,  
Whom he deny'd before ;  
There grace and glory dwell alone,  
And so no saint is poor.

There Magdalen shall sin no more,  
For there no devils be ;  
Let us lift up our heads therefore,  
Unto eternity.

## HYMN IV.

*On the Conditionality of the Covenant, which  
the nation of the Jews were under, upon  
that mistaken Text, Matt. xxiii. 37. Being  
an Answer to the Arminian Cavils.*

**J**ERUSALEM, Jerusalem,  
That didst the prophets kill,  
I quickly could have gathered thee,  
Had I put forth my will.

My woudling is a justice-act,  
My willing is of grace ;  
And when I will, I want no skill,  
To put all things in place.

My woudling speaks the sence of law,  
My willing is my mind ;  
The one may keep a soul in thee,  
The other cures the blind.

You oft are told the cov'nant old,  
Was fit for innocents ;  
But fallen man, nor will, nor can,  
Pay this pure law its rents.

Yet still it speaks with such command,  
As if man's soul were right ;  
It lost no tongue when you lost hand,  
No eye, though you lost sight.

Yet all my will I compass still,  
Although my will be broke ;  
The vilest rout shall bring about  
My will for my own stroke.

Sometimes my will in vengeance smites,  
And that must sin suppose ;  
Sometimes I make the blackest white,  
And that must grace disclose.

Sometimes I make the sinner cry,  
A law must then be known ;  
I turn again, and wipe his eye,  
And so my grace is shown.

## HYMN V.

*On the Condition of a Believer in this World,  
as it was typified by the Israelites in the  
Wilderness.*

WHEN *Israel* from *Egypt* came,  
They sang a song of praise ;  
But in their way to *Canaan*, they  
Did meet with stormy days.

Their going thro' the wilderness  
Did typify our way,  
Who sometimes have a shining night,  
But cloud and smoke by day.

One day our souls are hunger-bit,  
And we begin to pine ;  
Another day our God displays  
His light, and makes us shine.

Sometimes the water bitter grows,  
And bitterly we cry ;  
But after that the *manna* flows,  
Or else our hopes would die.

Our feet do tread in thorny ways,  
Which do our garments tear ;  
But our best robe to length of days,  
Doth last, and never wear.

Of the good land, reports we hear,  
Which sometimes make us glad ;  
Sometimes we fear we sha'nt come there,  
And then our souls are sad.

Unfaithful spies will tell us lies,  
And they to us will say,  
You'll ne'er effect your enterprize,  
Giants are in the way.

Our unbelief will turn a thief,  
And force us back to run ;  
It is in vain, saith it, to strain,  
For you at last must burn.

But over *Jordan* we shall go,  
Our *Joshua* will come ;  
And dry the streams with his own beams,  
That we may land at home.

---

### HYMN VI.

*On the Gospel's Entrance into a dark Corner of  
the Earth.*

**W**HAT means the angry frowns of  
men ?  
What noise is this we hear ?  
The Gospel cuts the root of sin,  
And that they cannot bear.

The idols of the world must fall,  
And in the dust shall lie,  
When *Jesus Christ*, the Great High-Priest,  
Appears in majesty.

If gospel-grace comes to a place,  
Hell's gates will open fly ;  
The angels black will give a crack  
Like thunder presently.

If devils they be dispossess'd,  
And souls from them set free ;  
When they grow poor they rage the more,  
As we by Scripture see.

But *Jesus* is a lion strong,  
To bring those lions down ;  
Though they appear, we will not fear,  
We stand on *Sion's* ground.

*Diana's* trade an host hath made,  
Of merchants stout and strong ;  
Grace is displayed, and their afraid,  
Their shrines will not hold long.

Redemption-love sounds from above,  
And covenant of bliss ;  
The *Pharisee* cannot approve  
Of such a voice as this.

The gospel-sun shall rise to them,  
That sat in darkness deep :  
And as for those who do oppose,  
They shall be made to weep.

---

## HYMN VII.

*On the Passion of Christ.*

WHY art thou red with garments  
stain'd ?  
Dost thou from *Edom* come ?  
And why art thou with trouble pain'd,  
For standing in our room ?

O ! *Justice* did this thing require,  
That I its wrath should bear ;  
I was content for to consent,  
Mine ear did quickly hear.

I trod the wine-press, I alone,  
No man was with me there ;  
The angels durst not take that room,  
One sin they cannot bear.

My arm at length put forth its strength,  
A bloody crew to save ;  
My bleeding wounds did make them found,  
And I those souls will have.

*Jehovah* said, I should not faint,  
I am *Jehovah* too;

The sinner I can make a saint,  
Which no man else can do.

Then glory, glory, we will sing  
To the eternal Son;  
To God's, to saint's, to sinner's King,  
For he our work hath done.

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### HYMN VIII.

*On the Impossibility of a Believer's going to Hell.*

Is Christ a king? Then let us sing,  
For sure it shall go well  
With those whom he to God doth bring;  
They cannot go to hell.

Tho' to the doors thereof they come,  
Yet grace will keep them well;  
Tho' doubts and fears bring them to tears,  
They shall not go to hell.

Tho' filthy sin still lurks within,  
And does their members fwell;  
Their Christ did pay upon a day,  
To ransom them from hell.

Tho' in this world they're toss'd and hurl'd,  
And they with pinchings dwell ;  
At last they come to *Canaan* home,  
In spight of men, and hell.

And if, sometimes, by open crimes,  
They have from duty fell ;  
When they were poor, *Christ* did restore,  
They could not fall to hell.

When saints are low their graces grow,  
They can't their pardon fell ;  
The tempter may cause them to stray,  
But can't draw them to hell.

---

### HYMN IX.

*At a Funeral.*

BLEST are the dead, that liv'd before,  
The time, when they did die ;  
Because that they shall die no more,  
But live with *Christ* on high.

They that in *Christ* are chosen to  
A life that ever lasts ;  
Can never miss of lasting blifs,  
Tho' blown with many blasts.

C

Tho' death a king of terrors be,  
To the unpardon'd one ;  
'Tis sweet to such as rested much  
On *Christ*, the living stone.

Yet at first sight, it may affright  
The soul, where grace doth dwell ;  
If *Christ* doth hide, none can abide  
To hear what it will tell.

But when his face doth shine with grace,  
Death is a beauty too ;  
'Tis wish'd for then, by holy men,  
With all that it can do.

Death was unstung, when *Jesus* hung  
Upon the shameful cross ;  
'Tis gain to those who with him close,  
For he did bear the losf.

The saints shall rise with shining eyes,  
Their tears all wip'd away ;  
Dejected night shall turn to light,  
And darkness into day.

They sin no more to make them sore,  
Nor fight to make them groan ;  
But sit, and sing with *Christ* their king,  
And sing to him alone.

## HYMN X.

*On the Intercourses of Divine Love between  
Christ and his Spouse.*

HE brought me to the house of wine,  
And there I saw his face ;  
With joy I sat beneath his vine,  
And tasted of his grace.

What dainty fare have dwellers there !  
They sit and view the King ;  
If strangers come, they have no room,  
Nor privilege to sing.

My love did in my bosom lye,  
Sweet Jesus I do mean ;  
'Tis he that lifts my head on high,  
When on his arm I lean.

He came into my garden green,  
To make the spices smell ;  
The lily-grace flows from his face,  
When he therein doth dwell.

My love did say, Turn thou away,  
For I am overcome ;  
Virgins and queens mine eyes have seen,  
But like to thee there's none.

The daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
Did speak to me in scorn ;  
But my dear Lord, of his accord,  
Says I am like the morn.

What are my blots, my beauty-spots !  
That thou to me dost say ;  
*O Shulamite*, thou art my lot,  
Return, and come away.

Indeed the grace set in my face,  
Like moon-light doth appear ;  
But in God's Son, who hath me won,  
My countenance is clear.

---

### HYMN XI.

*On a Believer's Ground of Rejoicing.*

**O** Sing ye saints, for ye must sing  
To all eternity ;  
When time is gone, and all is done,  
Your *Christ* will fill your eye.

'Tis but a while, and you shall dwell  
Where sorrow never sat ;  
And in that light that shines so bright,  
Whose rays now make you fat.

When saints put off their nasty rags  
Of sin and filthiness ;  
They shall put on salvation,  
In all its comely dress.

But here old *Adam* will abide,  
This twilight fits his eye ;  
And sometimes he pretends to guide,  
And we too oft comply.

But this we have our souls to save,  
Sweet *Jesus* he was slain ;  
And when he dy'd, he crucify'd  
Our lusts by his great pain.

They dy'd in him, when he was hung  
Upon the cursed tree ;  
But still the sprouts are putting out,  
That we the curse may see.

Let justice search Redeemer's wounds,  
There is no stump of sin ;  
This language it must needs rebound,  
*Thou art all fair within.*

## HYMN XII.

*On Christ's finishing the Work for our Salvation.*

THE work is done, God's blessed Son,  
For us was crucify'd ;  
He rose again to conquer sin,  
In those for whom he dy'd.

The work is done, the crown is won,  
And signs of victory,  
Do now hang out our tents about,  
Because our Lord did die.

The work is done in heav'n on high,  
The angels sing most clear ;  
And spirits of the just men cry,  
Our Jesus he is here.

The work is done on earth below,  
The holy Lamb is slain ;  
The fire is out that burnt about  
Sweet Jesus in his pain.

The work is done in conscience too,  
When once this grace lets fly  
A loving dart into the heart ;  
O then the soul comes nigh !

The work is done before the saints,  
When grace in souls appear ;  
And when they say, where is the way  
To *Sion*, we'll dwell there.

If all be done, and done for thee,  
O soul then take thine ease ;  
Thou hast a store that can't wax poor,  
Thou may'st lye down in peace.

---

### HYMN XIII.

*On the Man that went down from Jerusalem  
to Jericho, Luke x. 30.*

WHEN man was in his innocence,  
How happy then was he ;  
But Satan quickly took offence  
At his felicity.

He tempted him from *Salem* bright,  
To go to *Jericho*,  
And turn'd his sunshine into night,  
And sweetnes into woe.

When angels fell from God to hell,  
They suddenly grew poor ;  
And then the chief became a thief,  
And broke ope' *Adam's* door.

And not content, they further went  
And stabb'd his soul most sore ;  
Their cursed sword was dy'd with blood,  
And man was left in gore.

The priest came by, and saw him lye  
In this most dreadful plight ;  
But bullock's blood would do no good,  
To bring him to his fight.

The *Levite* brought the law to him,  
But he no law could love,  
Unless it were the law of sin :  
For God's did him reprove.

At last a good *Samaritan*,  
Prevented his desire ;  
And made his way upon a day,  
To pluck him out of mire.

He soak'd his face with oil of grace,  
And wash'd his soul so clean ;  
That not one spot of his old blot,  
By justice could be seen.

When this was done, his soul was won,  
But still he must be fed ;  
And at his cost he charg'd the host,  
To feed him with his bread.

And so our Lord doth grace afford,  
His church to edify ;  
Both sick and well, he'll with her dwell,  
Till she mounts up on high.

---

## HYMN XIV.

*On the Wisdom of God in appointing Sin for  
the Manifestation of his Grace.*

**R**OUSE up my soul, there is no harm,  
Tho' sin and sorrow join ;  
For Jesus he hath kill'd the charm,  
Let faith and love combine.

The Lord thy God is absolute,  
He wills, and nills the same ;  
His precepts try, and purpose tie,  
For his most holy name.

But what his promise constitutes,  
Shall stand for evermore ;  
Because it with his purpose suits,  
Let us rejoice therefore.

O mystery ! my soul doth cry,  
Who shall untie this knot ?  
Did thy decree make sin to be,  
That thou might'st heal that spot ?

O soul, hadst thou in innocence  
For evermore remain'd,  
My grace in purging thy offence,  
No glory could have gain'd.

I was concern'd to let thee fall,  
That I might shew my love  
To thee in blood, while *Adam* stood  
I could thee not reprove.

Yet, Lord, my sin shall make me blush,  
For that's as black as hell ;  
Thy wise decree did never free  
My guilt from stinking smell.

'Twas I, not sin, was putrify'd,  
Not sin, but I was lov'd ;  
My holy will, with all its skill,  
Against it shall be mov'd.

---

### HYMN XV.

*On Christ's being the Way to Life.*

*CHRIST* is a way, wherein we may  
Unto *Jehovah* come ;  
With boldness we his face may see,  
*Christ's* blood hath made us room.

*Christ* is a way which lies above  
The reach of nature's eye ;  
A way which God hath pav'd with love,  
More splendid than the sky.

This way is ancient, near, and free,  
There love, and honour dwell ;  
'Tis pleasant, pure, and doth secure  
The soul from wrath and hell.

Here's pardon, holiness, and peace,  
Here sweet communion lies ;  
With knowledge of most secret things,  
To make poor sinners wise.

*Christ* is the way to glory too,  
Without him there is none ;  
'Tis not in what the saints can do,  
But in God's own dear Son.

Then let us all false ways forsake,  
Nor choose to walk herein ;  
Sweet Jesus shew us our mistake,  
And purge us from our sin.

## HYMN XVI.

*On the great Mystery of Christ's Incarnation.*

**B**EHOLD in *Christ* a wonder great !  
Yea, there all wonders lie ;  
Let us go forth, and view his seat,  
'Tis veil'd with mystery.

If we unto the scriptures go,  
Two *Adams* we shall find ;  
By God's decree, these two we see,  
Were heads of all mankind.

The last the first did surely live,  
The last the first did make ;  
The last unto the first did give,  
That of him he might take.

He made the womb in which he lay,  
And she that did him bear,  
Deriv'd from him both life and limb,  
And grew up by his care.

No man, as man, he father owns,  
As God, no mother knew ;  
The like to him was never shewn,  
Yet he was man most true.

He made the waters for to flow,  
And caus'd the corn to swell ;  
Yet he himself did hungry grow,  
And came to Jacob's well.

The world was built up by his skill,  
Yet he no house could have ;  
Wherein to talk, to sit, or walk,  
Nor land, to make his grave.

Then let us all this man adore,  
Whom God doth *fellow* call ;  
And daily love him more and more,  
Who brought us out of thrall.

---

## HYMN XVII.

*On Christ's taking the nature of Man into Union with the Godhead, and rejecting the Fallen Angels.*

OUR Jesus he is wonderful  
In nature and in name ;  
A man in God, and God in man,  
Who can declare his fame ?

D

To marriage he did much incline,  
And therefore sought a bride ;  
From angels bright, that dwelt in light,  
He pass'd and went aside.

Angels that fell from God to hell,  
Were none of his desire ;  
Those sinful ones were left alone,  
And so reserv'd for fire.

As they would not proclaim him king,  
Nor own his headship just,  
So they were left under the sting  
Of death, and down were thrust.

Another kind came in his mind,  
That finn'd as well as they ;  
And did in nature come behind,  
As they were made of clay.

To those he bore a wond'rous love,  
Though they were very poor ;  
To them he came down from above,  
And pluck'd them out of gore.

It was not wit, nor beauty fair,  
That did this lover win ;  
For they were black beyond compare,  
And stupify'd with sin.

But he had beauty for to spare,  
And so they pleased him well ;  
His holy blood bought ointment good,  
To make their garments smell.

---

## HYMN XV III.

*On the Suretyship of Christ.*

CHRIST is a surety great, and strong,  
The debt is fully paid ;  
And justice has receiv'd no wrong,  
Since help on Christ was laid.

This surety he his seed shall see,  
For them he undertook ;  
They stand in him, in life, and limb,  
As members in his book.

The debtors, they could never pay  
The least of all the sum ;  
But presently he did comply,  
And said, *Behold I come.*

God's justice said, *I will be paid*  
*The whole, I can't compound ;*  
*I must have all, or none at all,*  
*The surety I will wound.*

This surety would not take with him,  
The debtor's name to stand ;  
This mighty one was bound alone,  
To answer the demand.

We gave no bond for his relief,  
No part could we restore ;  
The charge did all upon him fall,  
For we were very poor.

---

## HYMN XIX.

*On the Impossibility of being saved by a Covenant of Works.*

WHEN man was in his innocence,  
God gave to him a law ;  
The breach of which was an offence,  
And so a curse did draw.

This law was *holy, just, and good,*  
But yet no strength did give ;  
It left the man alone to stand,  
With a *Do this, and live.*

This law, for life, did works require,  
The least defect was sin ;  
It never knew repentance true,  
God's favour for to win.

But *sin* and *die*, the law doth cry,  
It can no mercy show ;  
There is no grace set in its face,  
It always speaketh rough.

The prayers of delinquents will  
Be objects of its scorn ;  
It bids them to be perfect still,  
Though they in sin were born.

'Tis not *good wills*, nor *legal fears*,  
Nor hearts that almost burst ;  
Nor eyes that swim in briny tears,  
That once can quench its thirst.

But there's a better covenant,  
That God with *Christ* has made,  
Which can't decay, but last alway,  
For help on *Christ* is laid.

## HYMN XX.

*On the Promises.*

THE promise is the word of life,  
By which we heaven hold ;  
It shews us where our comforts are,  
And makes the conscience bold.

The promise is a well of life,  
From whence we water draw ;  
It cools the soul that's fill'd with strife,  
By *Sinai*'s flaming law.

When we are full of legal fears,  
And doubts upon us flow :  
The promise doth remove our cares,  
And cause us peace to know.

*Christ*, in the promise, is our stay,  
'Tis not the word alone ;  
But *Christ*, therein his grace, displays,  
When all our hopes are gone.

This word of hope our souls secure,  
And gives us inward joy ;  
It also helps to make us pure,  
When sin doth us annoy.

When death appears with ghastly looks,  
It bids the saint be strong ;  
If Satan writes, it blots his books,  
And tells him he is wrong.

The promise doth to sinners run,  
'Tis kind unto the poor ;  
It sets up those that were undone,  
And heals the soul that's sore.

It gives a salve to heal the eye,  
And ointment for the face ;  
It gives us courage for to cry,  
And strength to sue for grace.

If legal promises give fear,  
And cause our hopes to die ;  
Let us to *Jesus Christ* draw near,  
And on his blood rely.

That promise which doth lead to *Christ*,  
By Satan can't be brought ;  
Whate'er he faith, he can't give faith,  
That's by the spirit wrought.

That promise which from *self* doth lead,  
Doth come down from above ;  
And sets the crown on *Jesus'* head,  
Which nature cannot love.

Then blessed be the TRINITY,  
And blessed be their word ;  
And blessed be the promise free,  
Which light and life afford.

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## HYMN XXI.

*On Mary's weeping at Christ's Sepulchre.*  
*John xx. 11.*

DID Mary weep, because her Lord  
Was gone out of her sight ?  
She had a mind her Christ to find,  
But yet she wanted light.

Her Lord was risen safe and found,  
From prison gone away ;  
She weeps because he can't be found,  
And at his grave she'll stay.

Tho' he was nigh, who justifies,  
Her soul was very sad ;  
And when he spakes she still mistakes,  
And thinks her case is bad.

The angels bright, tho' full of light,  
They could not satisfy ;  
Her panting soul on *Jesus* rolls,  
And still for love doth cry.

But all this while, she cannot smile,  
'Till she her *Jesus* knows ;  
And then she cries out *Rabboni*,  
And love to him she shows.

'Twas he who cast her devils out,  
And heal'd her filthy sore :  
It was his love that did her move,  
She hated him before.

He had embalm'd her with his blood,  
She, therefore, spices brings ;  
She was anointed, and made good  
By him, the King of Kings.

---

### HYMN XXII.

*On Christ's coming to Judgment.*

THE day of *Christ* is coming on,  
But who may it abide ?  
The scoffer, and the scornful one  
Shall have their cries deny'd.

The ignorant, that know him not,  
And those that hate his ways,  
Shall have no part in *Sion's* lot,  
Nor heart to sing his praise.

But those that own him for their Lord,  
The Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Shall have a room, with their Bridegroom,  
And in his presence sing.

His coming will the saints advance,  
Above the fears of men ;  
And in the light of glory bright,  
They shall be freed from sin.

The mysteries of Providence,  
Shall then unfolded be ;  
And then the saints, without offence,  
His counsels deep shall see.

They shall have access to the throne,  
Tho' now sometimes they fear ;  
And then the saints shall rule alone,  
No sinner shall appear.

## HYMN XXIII.

*On the Vanity of Man's Thoughts.*

THE thoughts of man are vanity,  
They lodge within the heart ;  
And there abide so constantly,  
From them we never part.

From place to place, they wander still,  
Much like the vagrant crew ;  
They drink, but cannot drink their fill,  
Their thirst is always new.

They suck the streams of empty dreams,  
And feigned happiness ;  
When they awake, they never make  
Our misery the less.

On trifles they are most intent,  
They sweat in idleness ;  
And tie the strings of needless things,  
They buy, but can't possess.

With carnal confidence they swell,  
Tho' they no Promise find ;  
But when they see the living well,  
To drink they have no mind.

In duty, they will go astray,  
In sin, most full of care ;  
When we go wrong, they find a way,  
When right, they fill with fear.

These are the thoughts of sinful men,  
And none of them is clean ;  
The fatted kine of thoughts divine  
Are eaten by the lean.

---

## HYMN XXIV.

*On the great Love of Jesus Christ.*

O What a wonder have we seen !  
That *Christ* should cry for grace ;  
To sanctify polluted men,  
Whose nature was so base.

Lord, didst thou sanctify thyself,  
To sanctify my heart ?  
Did blood from thee run down so free,  
That sin and I might part ?

Thou might’st have let the bolts of wrath  
Upon my shoulders fall ;  
I did not cry, that *Christ* might die,  
To save my soul at all.

My soul was helpless, filthy, poor,  
And yet so proud was I ;  
I begg'd no balsam for my sore,  
Nor faith to purify.

But, Lord, thy bowels then did move,  
Thou couldst not give me up ;  
My bleeding time was time of love,  
And favour fill'd my cup.

And now I give my soul to thee,  
Because thou did'st me take ;  
I greatly long to serve thee free  
From error, and mistake.

Lord, keep the plant thy hand hath made,  
And water what is sown ;  
And deal with me, as thou hast said,  
Thou dealest with thine own.

Tho' now I sing but heavily,  
And darkness hinders me ;  
The time of mirth is drawing nigh,  
When I thy face shall see.

## HYMN XXV.

*On the Excellency of the Lord Jesus.*

**S**Trike up, my heart, my tongue, my life,  
What are you dead and gone ?  
Will you not sing to Sion's King,  
And to the *Three in One* ?

A song of vineyards I will sing  
To my beloved dear ;  
His mandrakes smell exceeding well,  
When he himself is here.

Lord, if my feet be beautiful,  
As thou thyself dost say ;  
What splendid grace is in that place,  
Where thou thyself dost stay ?

If my dim eyes like fish-pools be,  
What charming eyes are thine ?  
And is my neck like ivory ?  
Thy neck is most divine.

What is my palm-tree stature tall,  
Compared, Lord, with thee ?  
What have I done unto the Son,  
That he is held by me ?

Thou art the fairest of them all,  
My Jesus still doth cry ;  
My love to thee can never fail  
Unto eternity.

Go forth, my soul, admire this day,  
Let love prevail with thee ;  
To tell the pilgrims by the way,  
What blessed things we see.

---

## HYMN XXVI.

*On the Certainty of the Godly Man's Perseverance.*

THE just man shall mount over all,  
And still hold on his way ;  
He stumbles, but still he goes on ;  
He sins, but still does pray.

The righteous man doth find a way,  
Which no man else can hit ;  
He has a light that sets him right,  
Beyond all human wit.

For strength to pray he has a way,  
For pardon, and for peace ;  
Tho' terrors fly, and conscience cry,  
He finds a way for ease.

Sometimes his way with thorns is fet,  
But still his hopes remain ;  
Tho' sin, and Satan, may him let,  
He can't turn back again.

A godly man doth stronger grow,  
Altho' he seems to die  
Upon the branch, he shoots below,  
In sweet humility.

A good man may in aet's decay,  
But yet in judgment rise ;  
Tho' weakness cause his feet to paufe,  
Grace may enlarge his eyes.

And tho', perhaps, in misty days,  
He may mistake his way ;  
When ev'ning comes he is at home,  
Tho' Satan tells him, nay.

## HYMN XXVII.

*On the Wife and Foolish Virgins.*

SOME were but *foolish virgins* still,  
Tho' with the wife they went,  
Who took up lamps in nature's will,  
And so to hell were sent.

The *foolish* seem'd to labour much,  
And spend themselves in toil ;  
But their stupidity was such,  
That they forgot the oil.

The *wife* did slumber for a while,  
They slept, but did not die ;  
The *foolish* cry'd, but were deny'd,  
For they no oil could buy.

The *wife* arose when *Jesus* cry'd,  
They could not rise before ;  
Upon that call, the *foolish* fall,  
And so they rise no more.

The *foolish* virgins oil did crave,  
The *wife* had none to spare ;  
The *foolish* they their oil would have,  
But none divides his share,

Here was a great necessity,  
And whither shall they run ;  
The creatures can't their wants supply,  
And now they are undone.

---

## HYMN XXVIII.

*On the Misery of Man by the Fall.*

THE days of man are quickly gone,  
His life is vanity ;  
'Twas Adam's sin that brought death in,  
He did transgress and die.

That was not all, but by his *fall*,  
Became an enemy  
To *moral good*, and stain'd the blood  
Of his posterity.

Man lies in sin, till grace comes in,  
Without desires to rise ;  
His foolish mind loves to be blind,  
Till grace anoints his eyes.

When grace doth come, it finds him dumb,  
And deaf, and hardned too ;  
He does pretend his life to mend,  
Yet nothing can he do.

---

In guilt, and wounds his soul is bound,  
Till *Jesu* sets him free,  
By gospel-grace to run apace,  
In ways of purity.

Then he believes, and grace receives,  
He grace alone doth cry ;  
By grace he loves, by grace he moves,  
By grace he longs to die.

But yet we see no saint is free  
From troubles, by the way ;  
The best of men groan under sin,  
Till their redemption-day.

Yet blest are they, who once can say,  
*One thing I know to be,*  
*I was born blind, but now I find,*  
*Mine eyes do Jesus see.*

## HYMN XXIX.

*On the Care of Jesus Christ towards his Sheep.*

THE sheep of *Jesus* hear his voice,  
He does their footsteps know,  
Before his face they still rejoice,  
And in his pastures grow.

The voice of *Jesus Christ* is sweet,  
His spouse has found it so ;  
She rises up her Lord to meet,  
And to his temple go.

Those that are sheep of *Christ* indeed,  
They hear his voice in all ;  
His love and law, keeps them in awe,  
From him they cannot fall.

Though they are weak their *Christ* is strong,  
When they are sick he's well ;  
And tho' they may still go astray,  
They cannot go to hell.

Sometimes they think their souls must sink,  
And now their hearts are sad,  
But then his arms keeps them from harms,  
Altho' their case is bad.

They fear a want when food grows scant,  
Which makes them dead, and dull ;  
But by and by there's new supply,  
And then their joy is full.

The lions would those lambs destroy,  
The lambs are full of fear,  
For help they cry, and presently  
Their Shepherd doth appear.

---

## HYMN XXX.

*On the Forgiveness of Sin.*

THO' sin be filthy in the sight  
Of God, whose eyes are pure ;  
His justice does his being right,  
And ties the surety sure.

The sins of all his chosen ones,  
Upon his Son were laid ;  
When he was bound, they freedom found,  
Why then are they afraid ?

The blessing lies upon the head  
Of those whom God forgive ;  
'Tis not upon the spotless One,  
Who without sin does live ;

For there's no man that ever can,  
In truth say he is pure ;  
For ev'ry day he goes astray,  
And sin doth him allure.

When justice looks thro' *Christ* the head,  
Upon the sinner poor ;  
To sin, it sees the sinner dead,  
And cleansed from his sore.

It doth pronounce believers clean,  
Whate'er they find within ;  
In *Christ* it knows them white as snow,  
Tho' black in eyes of men.

If conscience hath a saint accus'd,  
And *Christ* the saint doth clear ;  
Shall *Christ*, or conscience then be us'd ?  
The saint must *Jesus* hear.

His merit is a garment large,  
From head to foot doth go ;  
Then who can lay sin to the charge  
Of them with whom 'tis so ?

## HYMN XXXI.

*On the Matter of a Believer's Triumph.*

COME *Jesus*, come unto thine own,  
My bridegroom let me see ;  
Let my delight come in this night,  
And set his captive free.

A captive, yet a conqueror,  
A beggar, but a king ;  
Of saints the least, but yet a priest,  
A mourner, yet I sing.

I live in that to which I die,  
I dy'd in him who lives ;  
My grace is small, but yet withal,  
To grace I thanks can give.

Tho' sin makes my affection cold,  
Thy love, O *Christ*, is free ;  
The mercy-seat is all of gold,  
And there's enough for me.

The rags of *Adam* in his fall,  
I carry still with me ;  
But I have robes put over all,  
Which nature cannot see.

Tho' *Jesus* be so beautiful,  
No angel is so bright ;  
He looks on me, and says, that he  
Is ravish'd with delight.

Is *Christ* my head so ravished,  
That he no fault can find ?  
How weak am I this to deny,  
And keep a guilty mind ?

Tho' world and sin, and law come in,  
And conscience too retort ;  
Thy debt is paid, be not afraid,  
But thank thy Surety for't.

---

## HYMN XXXII.

*On the same.*

WHEN I am drowsy, weak, and poor,  
My Lord is then awake ;  
His mighty calls must come before  
I rise, his love to take.

Tho' I in slumbers sleep away  
Much of my time, yet he  
My soul will seek, and kindly speak  
In charming words to me.

He gives me views, and tells me news,  
My soul for to affect ;  
By this 'tis known I am his own,  
And one of his elect.

Come rise, saith he, come rise and sing,  
Thou think'st 'tis winter still ;  
But I have brought the pleasant spring,  
Thy soul with life to fill.

The days that once were short, and cold,  
With sunshine sweet appear ;  
Though I withdrew in days of old,  
My darling, I am here.

Thy grace is gone out of thy sight,  
Thou say'st, thy fruits decay ;  
But my right hand shall lead thee right;  
Rise up, and come away.

Thou say'st, I have no strength to go,  
But I have strength for thee ;  
When thou art weak, and can't not speak,  
Thy strength is all in me.

Come rise, and sing, thy day is clear,  
The clouds are overpast ;  
Thou didst not think to see me here,  
But I am come at last.

## HYMN XXXIII.

*On the same.*

HOW sweet are all thy ways, O Lord!  
There's peace and lasting joy;  
The storms of sin may blow within,  
But thou wilt it destroy.

My *Christ* will speak when I am weak,  
He will not me despise;  
When I am poor, he smiles the more,  
How lovely are his eyes!

Though I have many enemies,  
I have no cause to fear;  
My *Christ* is gone to's Father's throne,  
There for me to appear.

The law hath sheath'd its bloody sword,  
In *Christ* my lovely head;  
And all my sin, when *Christ* went in  
The grave, with him was dead.

And being dead, I am secure  
It cannot rise again;  
Altho' its ghost may still endure,  
And put my soul to pain.

As for the world, 'tis conquer'd too,  
And Satan is outdone ;  
Then fit thee down on *Sion's* ground,  
And praise God's mighty Son.

Praise, praise indeed doth me become,  
Inchantments can't me kill ;  
I meet with thieves, I long for home,  
Where I shall have my fill.

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## HYMN XXXIV.

*On King Solomon's Chariot of the Wood of Lebanon,* Cant. iii. 9, 10.

BEHOLD the chariot, which our King  
Hath made ; 'tis such a one,  
A sight of it will make us sing,  
When worldly joys are gone.

These chariot wheels will ne'er decay,  
And yet they always move,  
'Tis ever running night and day,  
For they are oiled with love.

The human nature of our Lord,  
And covenant of grace,  
To him a chariot doth afford,  
Wherein the saints have place.

The pillars are the promises,  
The bottom the decree ;  
The which of old was fix'd like gold,  
Unchangeable and free.

The purple cov'ring was his blood,  
Which he for sinners shed,  
Which hides from wrath, from law, and  
death,  
And sin that is inbred.

The midst of all was pav'd with love,  
And love this chariot made ;  
By love 'tis shewn, by love 'tis known,  
Which love can never fade.

The daughters of *Jerusalem*  
Herein to glory ride ;  
This love will safely carry them,  
They cannot fall beside.

Come forth, and view king *Solomon*,  
With all the shining train  
Of angels that do wait upon  
Our Lord, and there remain.

## HYMN XXXV.

*On King Solomon's Crown, Cant. iii. 11.*

**G**O forth, ye daughters, view your king,  
He's worthy to be seen ;  
A sight of him will make you sing,  
His bed is always green.

There is a crown upon his head,  
'Tis full of jewels fine ;  
The views of it revive the dead,  
And make their faces shine.

'Tis such a crown as ne'er was set  
Upon the kings below ;  
The glory of it is so great,  
It makes the angels bow.

The faces of the cherubim  
Are veil'd within its rays ;  
They put their heads within their wings,  
And so they give it praise.

The saints also in consort go  
To crown this mighty king ;  
In their first love they sweetly move,  
And make his praises ring.

When they have seen, they do admire,  
But still they long to pry ;  
At last he gives them their desire  
In full felicity.

The tokens of his love are sweet  
In promises of grace ;  
But still their souls are not complete  
Till they can see his face.

When they into his bosom fall,  
Embraces then are free ;  
Then Sin and Satan, hell, and all,  
Their fears from them do flee.

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### HYMN XXXVI.

*At the Lord's Supper.*

HOW sweet a supper have we got !  
The King sat with his love ;  
And each believer had his lot,  
'Twas given from above.

'Tis not of blood, nor fleshly will,  
Nor of the will of man ;  
Jehovah's grace doth here take place,  
The sinner never can.

Here was a table furnished  
With best of dainty things ;  
The pleasant meat, which we did eat,  
Came from the King of Kings.

'Tis strange that we that face should see,  
Which once we did despise ;  
We do desire for to admire  
His love before we rise.

Had we been better than the rest  
Of men, that once did fall,  
We might have thought our God had  
wrought  
For that upon us all.

But now we must admire the more,  
The more unworthy we,  
And praise his bounty to the poor,  
Because his love is free.

The Spirit and the Bride invite,  
Our Lord himself to speak ;  
When we of him can get a sight,  
It makes our hearts to break.

O *Jesu* ! thou shalt have the praise,  
For thou hast died alone ;  
The angels high durst not draw nigh,  
With *Jesu* there was none.

## HYMN XXXVII.

*On Mount Lebanon, Cant. iv. 8.*

WHEN I was looking to the hills  
Of worldly vanity,  
And did begin to play with sin,  
My Jesus thus did cry.

My spouse, thou art of high descent,  
Thy birth is from above;  
Make haste, be gone from *Lebanon*,  
My sister, and my love.

My Soul did say, Lord, come away,  
And teach my soul to go;  
He straight repli'd, thou know'st I dy'd,  
That mine might all do so.

But there is much in *Lebanon*  
That doth my soul affect.  
What then? I say, thou must be gone,  
For thou art mine elect.

But may not I on *Hermon* lie,  
And suck those drops of dew?  
No, no, my spouse, I must thee rouse  
From off that mountain too.

But what, if I should cast an eye,  
To see the lions rage?  
No, no, my love, the hawk and dove  
Cannot live in one cage.

The faint and sinner can't agree,  
There is no harmony,  
Therefore I charge thee for to flee,  
And pass the leopards by.

The leopard is a leopard still,  
He cannot change his stain ;  
The spots of spight lie in his will,  
And there they will remain.

Then come with me from *Lebanon*,  
I will thee satisfy ;  
When all those mountain joys are gone,  
Thy joy is then most high.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

*On the North and South Wind, Cant. iv. 16.*

A WAKE, awake, thou spirit sweet,  
Give me a taste of thee,  
And deal with me as thou seest meet,  
Let me thy power see.

But since thou know'st my frame is weak,  
Deal tenderly with me ;  
My soul is sore, wound me no more,  
But make me trust in thee.

My soul is blasted with the cold  
Of winter, and I fade.  
Forsake me not when I am old,  
Of dust thou hast me made.

What is my garden, Lord, to thee,  
That thou shouldst dwell therein ?  
What have I done, that thy dear Son  
Should save me from my sin ?

My ground is dry, but Lord, draw nigh,  
And water me this day ;  
My spices shall bring forth withal,  
If thou thy love display.

Come eat thy pleasant fruit, my joy,  
My love, my lord, my life ;  
And let no evil me destroy,  
But free my soul from strife.

Indeed there is no grace in me,  
To make thy soul rejoice ;  
The stock of grace is laid in thee,  
O let me hear thy voice.

The voice of others change so oft,  
There is no certainty ;  
When they have set my hopes aloft,  
They leave me with a lie.

---

## HYMN XXXIX.

*On the Love-sick Spouse, Cant. v. 8.*

WHAT has my drowsy, foolish frame  
Brought on my soul this day !  
My Jesus cry'd, and I deny'd,  
And now he's gone away.

The watchmen fill'd my soul with grief,  
When I to them did go ;  
And where I thought of most relief,  
I did increase my woe.

The daughters of *Jerusalem*

They did like strangers speak,  
O mournful day, what shall I say !  
My heart with grief will break.

But since there's none, but *Christ* alone,  
To whom I may draw nigh ;  
My love-sick soul shall on him roll,  
And in his arms I'll die.

My thoughts in thousands spring so fast,  
My tongue cannot express  
The grief of mind that I do find,  
And fears that me possess.

The frowns of *Christ* are death to me,  
His love is all my joy ;  
When he breaks in, no thoughts of sin,  
Nor wrath can me annoy.

Cheer up, my soul, here's comfort still,  
Art thou, indeed, in love !  
He lov'd thee first, and therefore will  
Send comfort from above.

Whoever loves this *Jesus* shall  
With love be satisfied ;  
'Twas never known, nor can be shewn  
That any lov'd, and died.

## HYMN XL.

*On the scornful Question which the Daughters  
of Jerusalem put to the S<sup>t</sup>house, Cant. v. 9.*

THE daughters of *Jerusalem*  
With scornful looks did say,  
Thou foolish dove, what is that love  
Thou mournest for this day?

We see in him no excellence,  
No beauty, nor no grace ;  
O let it then be no offence  
For him to hide his face.

There is a way whereby you may  
Obtain much joy and peace ;  
Repent and pray, mourn night and day,  
This will afford you ease.

Forsake old sins, new lives begin,  
And you shall comfort find ;  
When this is done, the thoughts of him  
Will wear out of your mind.

G

If by injustice, fraud, and wrong,  
    You have oppres'd the poor,  
Let charity remove the cry  
    Which they have made therefore.

The spouse, with zeal, did thus reply,  
    Ye foolish daughters all,  
The bed's too short whereon you lie,  
    Your works and you must fall.

I like those works which Christ, my head,  
    Did in his body give ;  
Because he wrought them in my stead,  
    And by those works I live.

I love those works which flow from love,  
    And are by union fed,  
Whose life and soul come from above,  
    And so are nourished.

Yet these can never justify,  
    'Tis only *Christ* alone ;  
On him my soul should still rely,  
    Though all these works were gone.

## HYMN XLI.

*On the Spouse's Answer to the Daughters  
of Jerusalem, Cant. v. 10. 16.*

O DAUGHTERS, would you know  
my love ?

He's white and ruddy then ;  
His high descent is from above,  
The richest of all men.

His kingdom-head is like to gold,  
That shall for ever last ;  
His locks of counsels were of old,  
Which always shall stand fast.

His eyes of knowledge are like dove's,  
Most loving and most sweet ;  
Yet, washed with milk, and can't approve  
Of sin in those we meet.

His cheeks of smiles are like a bed  
Of flowers in the spring ;  
His lips of love do make me move,  
Their sweetness makes me sing.

His handy-works are like gold rings  
Set with the beryl fine ;  
His belly bright, in darkest night,  
Compassion there doth shine.

His mighty legs of providence,  
Like pillars in their place ;  
In colour mix'd, and firmly fix'd  
On sockets of his grace.

His countenance in all his ways  
Is like Mount *Lebanon* ;  
Pleasant and green, as may be seen,  
When doubts and fears are gone.

His mouth is sweeter than the saint's,  
Yea, than the angels high ;  
His words revive the soul that's faint,  
And draw the fearful nigh.

In ev'ry thing he is the best,  
The thing itself is there ;  
In him the soul is full possess'd,  
And needs no more to fear.

## HYMN XLII.

*On Christ and his Spouse, their mutual posseſſing of each other, Cant. vi. 3.*

**M**Y Lord, he doth my soul possess,  
I am his copyhold ;  
I was his own, and by him known  
Before his works of old.

I was his own by hearty choice,  
And he was mine by grace ;  
In marriage I did with him lie  
Before Jehovah's face.

I am his own by purchase too,  
For Justice, it did say,  
That he that would redeem my blood,  
A price for it must pay.

I am his own by loving care,  
He stands engag'd to keep  
My soul, though I live much in fear,  
And sometimes fall asleep.

As *Christ* in me doth claim a right,  
So I in him the same ;  
For he is mine in the same line  
Of great *Jehovah's* name.

He is my husband, lord, and friend,  
My shepherd, and my king ;  
When dates of time shall have an end,  
Yet I shall always sing.

He never will unconstant prove,  
Nor once repent his choice ;  
There is no flatt'ry in his love,  
Nor falsehood in his voice.

Although my beauty should decay,  
And wrinkles fill my face,  
He will not cast my soul away,  
Because I stand by grace.

The summer's heat, nor winter's cold,  
Can never change his will,  
For what he hath decreed of old,  
He will accomplish still.

## HYMN XLIII.

*On the Blessed Encouragement Believers may  
take from many Things.*

SING praises to the *Holy Three,*  
Sing praises to our King ;  
Whose works of might are still in sight,  
To him our souls will sing.

Could we but hear the upper sphere,  
And know the musick there  
Of angels bright, and saints in light,  
'Twould banish all our fear.

Then we should to our Father go,  
With vessels full of joy ;  
And winds below that crossly blow,  
Could not our peace destroy.

Lift up our souls to thee this day,  
Thy cords of love will draw ;  
O *Christ*, there's none but thee alone  
Can make us love thy law.

Put forth thy grace in turning souls,  
Thy pardon let us know ;  
And though our sins most black have been,  
Make us as white as snow.

We are by nature bound in chains,  
Yet think our souls are free ;  
Arise, therefore, tho' we be poor,  
Let us thy riches see.

O Lord, we nigh the fountain lie,  
Where thou art wont to come ;  
But whilst we stay from day to day,  
Another takes the room.

Yet who can tell ? The day may come  
When we thy grace shall know,  
And streams of love come from above,  
To us who dwell below.

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## HYMN XLIV.

*On Christ's praying for his People.*

WE hear this day our Lord did pray,  
To bring poor sinners nigh ;

O let us then his prayers turn  
Into our praises high.

The prayers of our Surety fell  
On those who could not pray ;  
For wretched men, though bound in sin,  
From justice ran away.

'Tis strange that he, who was complete  
In joy eternally,  
Should stoop so low, our wants to know,  
And beg for our supply.

O let us wonder while we live,  
At his humility,  
That he who had a world to give,  
Should give himself to die.

Of all the best he was possess'd,  
The angels were his own ;  
What meant he then to cry for men !  
Such love was never known.

Had we been jewels set in rings,  
Or else some golden cup,  
It was beneath the King of Kings  
To stoop to take us up.

But we were filthy mire and clay,  
Our heart was made of stone ;  
Instead of asking *Christ* the way,  
We said to him, Begone.

But those repulses took no place,  
He still pursu'd his love,  
It was his mind for to be kind,  
And who may him reprove ?

## XLV.

*On the Excellency of God.*

**G**REAT is the Lord, and wonderful,  
His works declare his praise ;  
His thoughts are high above the sky,  
And so are all his ways.

O Lord, thy wisdom doth excel,  
Our wisdom is but small,  
None but thyself can truly tell  
What thou art blest withal.

Thou dost excel the angels, that  
In strength thy saints exceed ;  
Though 'tis thy will to use them still,  
Of them thou hast no need.

Alas ! how empty are those things,  
In which we take delight,  
Whilst we forgot the King of Kings,  
Whose works are still in sight.

Thy way of mercy is thy own,  
There's none like thee in grace ;  
Forgiving those who did oppose  
With boldness in their face.

Shew us the way, and reconcile  
Our souls to all thy will,  
Then shall our days be spent in praise,  
And we shall love thee still.

Our wisdom is but foolishness,  
When we would thee confine ;  
We make our portion always less,  
By laying out the line.

O chuse thou our inheritance,  
And bow our wills to thee ;  
Make us to know thy covenant,  
For there the blessings be.

---

## HYMN XLVI.

*On the manifold Grounds of a Believer's Joy.*

SUNG AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

WHY art cast down, O thou my soul?  
Why dost thou muse always ?  
Arise, look out, and round about  
There's matter still for praise.

72           THE BEST MIRTH; OR,  
Look up to heaven that is high,  
For thou shalt soon ascend ;  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
Though other things offend.

Look down to hell, that woeful place,  
See how the damned fare,  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
Because thou art not there.

Look to the angels that did fall,  
And for a thought must die ;  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
Free grace eternally.

Look on those wretched souls, to whom  
Thy *Christ* was never known ;  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
The case was once thy own.

Look on the poor, whose poverty  
Comes on them for a curse ;  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
Thy lot might still be worse.

Look on dejected law-burnt souls,  
That under wrath do lie ;  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
Whilst thou hast liberty.

Look on the saints, who, falling low,  
In grievous sin did lie,  
And this will raise thy heart to praise,  
And say, why did not I?

Look on the churches that are broke,  
And into ruins fall,  
Although it is a dismal stroke,  
Thy *Jesus* will heal all.

---

## HYMN XLVII.

*At a Funeral.*

DEATH! 'tis a thing we cannot love,  
Tho' we were born to die;  
But if our Lord the sting remove,  
We yield most pleasantly.

Dost thou in pleasure spend thy days?  
Alas! 'tis all but vain,  
For death will come to call thee home,  
Then all thy joy is slain.

Dost thou in pride stretch out the wing,  
That some may thee admire?  
Remember death comes with its sting,  
Then none will thee desire.

H.

Art thou amongst the worldly wise,  
Who think to govern all ?  
Pale Death will come, and close thine eyes,  
And make thy wisdom fall.

Art thou a righteous *Pharisee* ?  
Dost thou live in thine own ?  
Remember death will take thy breath,  
Then all thy works go down.

Art thou a hater of the just ?  
Dost thou their names despise ?  
Thy name shall rot in sinful dust,  
When they in glory rise.

But blessed are those souls, to whom  
Our God doth sin forgive ;  
For they shall sing with *Christ* their king,  
And ever with him live.

Amongst the saints and sons of light,  
Whose work is praise alone,  
Whose doubts are swallowed up in sight,  
And sin from them is gone.

## HYMN XLVIII.

*At the Lord's Supper.*

LET's praise the Father for the Son,  
That gift that was the best ;  
Here's all the tribute we can pay,  
Let's sing among the rest.

The angels praise electing love,  
The saints above rejoice,  
The shining orbs do sweetly move,  
And shan't we move our voice ?

The birds that perish when they die,  
Do their creator praise ;  
Much more should we, that hope to see  
The Son of God always.

If stormy winds that blow aloft,  
Set forth Jehovah's name,  
Then we that know a calm below,  
Should sing to praise the same.

If fallen angels tremble, when  
An angry God they see,  
It should delight the sons of men  
To hear of grace so free.

Adoption free, redemption free,  
A Saviour free reveal'd,  
What cause of pining then have we,  
To whom all this is seal'd?

If we have liberty above,  
And liberty below,  
Why are we found with hearts so bound,  
And still in bondage so.

Let us arise and shake ourselves,  
Our grievous chains are broke;  
Since Christ appears, we have good cheer,  
He can't his love revoke.

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## HYMN XLIX.

*On the Woman of Samaria that met Christ  
at the Well. John iv. 10.*

B EHOLD! and see a wonder great,  
The great Jehovah's Son,  
About a match he went to treat  
With one that was undone.

The person whom he made his choice,  
Refus'd with him to dwell ;  
But yet he won her with his voice,  
As he sat on the well.

He thirsted for the water there,  
But she doth him controul ;  
Yet still he can't his suit forbear,  
He thirsted for her soul.

She did not come to *Jacob's* well,  
A Saviour for to see ;  
But he, who pluck'd her soul from hell,  
Designed there to be.

There was a sheep of his to find,  
That long had gone astray ;  
He knew that she would be unkind,  
Yet he must go that way.

He begg'd a cup of water cold,  
She gave him that of strife ;  
But he had lov'd her soul of old,  
And gave her that of life.

When later husbands they were gone,  
And she to whoredom fell ;  
Her former husband took her home,  
Because he lov'd her well.

And tho' she lov'd the water-pots  
While she in sin was bound ;  
When Jesus calls she leaves them all,  
His praises for to sound.

O let us, then, record his name,  
Who hath such wonders wrought ;  
Redeeming those that were his foes,  
And sold themselves for nought.

---

### HYMN L.

*On the Stone that had Seven Eyes upon it.*  
Zech. iii. 9.

BEHOLD ! and see, what Joshua did,  
He saw the wond'rous stone,  
Which God hath made the churches head,  
And built his spouse upon.

The eyes that look upon this stone,  
In number seven be ;  
There's none can look on this alone,  
Here multitude is free.

The Father's eye is placed here,  
He looks complacently ;  
And ev'ry one upon this stone,  
Is beauty in his eye.

The Holy Ghost doth also look,  
He looks with joy and love ;  
At Christ's request he gives us rest,  
Descending like a dove.

The holy angels never were  
Obnoxious to God's ire ;  
Yet still they view this stone most true,  
And he is their desire.

The devils look, and looking, fear ;  
This stone shall be their judge ;  
Because in him they have no share,  
Against him they do grudge.

The world that lies in vanity,  
Look on him with disdain ;  
But he will make their joints to shake,  
When he appears again

The saints below do look by faith,  
They seldom can get more ;  
The saints above know what he faith,  
O let us look, therefore.

## HYMN LI.

*On the Well of Living Water.* John iv.  
13, 14.

THE waters that are here below,  
Can never satisfy ;  
Altho' they do in plenty flow,  
Those rivers soon grow dry.

In meat, and drink, and clothing too,  
There is a vanity ;  
Fine houses, riches, and rich friends,  
Are subject still to die.

But living waters run above,  
No creature can them buy ;  
The price is much too great for such,  
As do in bondage lie.

As none can buy those waters, so,  
There's none that can them make ;  
Where'er they run, 'tis Christ alone  
Works for his own name's sake.

These waters, they will satisfy  
The soul, that noble part ;  
O let us to these streams draw nigh,  
For they'll refresh the heart.

We travel in a wilderness,  
Where springs are hard to find ;  
Then let us to this fountain go,  
To wash our guilty mind.

When we by pray'r speak unto God,  
And meditation sweet,  
These streams of grace do wash our face,  
With boldness him to meet.

These blessed waters sanctify  
Our hearing, and our talk ;  
They wash the tongue, the ear, the eye,  
And help the feet to walk.

---

## HYMN LII.

*On the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

OUR Jesus shall exalted be,  
The time is coming on  
When all the saints their King shall see,  
On his appointed throne.

When God created man at first,  
He gave him kingly sway ;  
But he for sin was quickly curs'd,  
And lost it in one day.

What the first *Adam* once did lose,  
When he by sin grew poor ;  
To all that God, in *Christ*, did choose,  
The second shall restore.

He lost a pleasant paradise,  
Where all things did agree ;  
But *Jesus* shall restore it all,  
To those that he sets free.

The first man's joy was quickly gone,  
As doth to us appear ;  
But when our *Jesus* takes the throne,  
He reigns a thousand years.

The wicked shall their servants be,  
To run at their command ;  
But they shall live their Lord to see,  
And in his courts to stand.

Then let us sing to this great King,  
And pray, Thy kingdom come ;  
Beat down thy foes that do oppose,  
And make thy chosen room.

Then all the saints shall sing his praise,  
Tho' now they sow in tears ;  
They shall enjoy most happy days  
Throughout the thousand years.

## HYMN LIII.

*On the blessed State of a converted Soul.*

From John iv. 28, 29.

THE soul that sees the worth of *Christ*,  
Will say, *Come see a man,*  
*Who told me all from Adam's fall,*  
*I ever did, or can.*

When *Jesus Christ* to souls appears,  
He draws them from those ways,  
Wherein they found a pleasant found,  
In their unthoughtful days.

The soul is ravish'd with his love,  
And still for love it cries,  
*My Jesus he is all to me,*  
The fairest in mine eyes.

Deceitful world and carnal friends,  
False worship, and false fame,  
Begone from me, for now I see  
A more enduring name.

One day within my Saviour's house,  
Is more than ten before ;  
The joy is sweet which with me meets,  
When I come to his door.

It is a pleasant thing, to hear  
My sin is done away ;  
My soul secure, and I made sure,  
Until the judgment-day.

And then I shall absolved be,  
By my Almighty King,  
With the consent of all the *Three*,  
To whom my soul shall sing.

Before the angels, and the saints,  
My pardon shall be seal'd ;  
And God's decree 'twixt *Christ* and me,  
Shall fully be reveal'd.

## HYMN LIV.

*Being another Hymn on the Latter Day Glory.*

**W**HAT of the night? what of the  
night?

Some to the watchmen cry ;  
The answer is, It is twilight,  
The sun-rise by and by.

The day of *Christ* begins to break,  
The morning-star appears,  
Great *Babel* shall have a downfall,  
And saints shall lose their fears.

*Jerusalem* hath drank the cup  
Of poverty and pain,  
But now our King will lift it up  
To *Babylon* again.

The wicked they have had their day  
Of rule and tyranny,  
But now the saints shall bear the sway,  
And sinners hearts shall die.

The saint shall praise their king always,  
For saving them from wrong;  
And when they come from *Egypt* home,  
No dog shall move his tongue.

Ye are the blessed of the Lord,  
All men to them shall say,  
Tho' they have borne the wicked's scorn,  
They shall be crown'd this day.

For ashes they shall beauty have,  
For sadness joy shall come,  
Their grievous doubts shall disappear,  
And love shall take their room.

Then let us wait our Lord to see  
Upon King *David*'s throne,  
We shall do well, when sin and hell,  
And Antichrist are gone.

## HYMN LV.

*At a Funeral.*

LIKE as the grass that looks so green,  
But quickly dies away,  
So are the sons of mortal men  
In their corrupted clay.

One day their dwelling-place is known,  
They flourish where they grow,  
Another day they are cut down,  
And laid in dust below.

And though this is the certain doom  
Of all they leave behind,  
Yet few of those that take their room,  
Will keep this thing in mind.

Death brings the first-born to the dust,  
Those darlings of our eyes;  
And after that the younger must  
Be made a sacrifice.

But how comes Death to reign as king ?  
The first man brought it in,  
The second takes away its sting  
From all that die in him.

And though their dark sepulchres be  
Fast sealed where they lie,  
When *Jesus* comes to take them home,  
Their graves shall open fly.

If we be reconcil'd by blood,  
Then all things shall go well,  
If not, we now receive our good,  
For after death comes hell.

Death has no sting in them that die  
In Christ, that lovely head ;  
Their dust in him embalmed lie,  
Till they rise from the dead.

## HYMN LVI.

*At the Lord's Supper.*

R EJOICE, rejoice, ye children all,  
The Lamb that once was slain,  
And with the dead was numbered,  
Is now alive again.

The wounds that justice made in him,  
As wounds cannot appear,  
But yet the marks of them he'll bring,  
His chosen ones to cheer.

He can't forget the ancient love  
That to his spouse he bore ;  
She may forget, but he is yet  
The same for evermore.

Sing praises to this Holy One,  
Whom angels do desire :  
For this is he who set us free,  
When we stuck fast in mire.

This is that *Jesus*, whom our souls  
Shall praife when time is gone ;  
He longs to see his body free,  
And all his saints brought home.

'Twill add completeness to his days,  
To see his seed brought in ;  
And in his sight to sing his praise,  
For saving them from sin.

The saints must all awake and sing,  
When their sweet bridegroom come ;  
They are the children of a King,  
None of them shall be dumb.

With glory they shall all be fill'd,  
No want shall them surprize ;  
Their mighty head, who once was dead,  
Shall always fill their eyes.

## HYMN LVII.

*On the new Song of Evangelical Doctrine and Discipline, maintained in the reformed State of the Church,*

From Rev. xiv. 2, 3.

THE Lamb doth on Mount Sion stand,  
With those that sealed were ;  
Who now go forth in public bands,  
And serve him free from fear.

They are a chosen company,  
In whom he takes delight ;  
With them he'll dwell in spight of hell,  
And in proud Babel's sight.

As they run to and fro' to find  
The knowledge of his will ;  
He doth reveal to them his mind,  
Their souls with peace to fill.

His mind, I say, his gospel-mind,  
Which others can't receive ;  
Who by just judgment are made blind,  
And still to idols cleave.

Those harpers make a pleasant noise,  
Tho' understood by few ;  
It differs from the former voice,  
And, therefore, called *new* ;

The saints do long to hear this song,  
It makes them dainty cheer ;  
*Redemption-love* doth sweetly move,  
On the redeemed's ear.

In lofty praises we will sing  
To our Redeemer's grace ;  
Who doth prepare our hearts to bear  
His mark upon our face.

And as thou hast, O Lord, begun,  
On *Antichrist* to frown ;  
Go on to smite that *Canaanite*,  
Until he be cut down.

## HYMN LVIII.

*On the Cry of the Angel, to him that sat on  
the Cloud.*

From Rev. xiv. 15.

**A**RISE, O Lord, destroy thy foes,  
**A**Take pity on thine own ;  
Let such as do thy name oppose,  
Thereby be trodden down.

O sing, ye saints, your King will come,  
He can't forget the tears  
Which you do spill ; and therefore, will  
Remove your grievous fears.

He is the Lord's anointed one,  
The captain of his host ;  
He'll quickly stand with sword in hand,  
To silence those that boast.

The angels, whom our Lord employs,  
Begin to say, *How long ?*  
*Holy and true, wilt thou not shew*  
*Thy right to punish wrong !*

*The harvest of the earth is ripe,  
Thrust in thy sickle then ;  
Take up thy saints, thy glory wipe  
From all the filth of men.*

*Thou art the highest, thou shalt reign,  
No strength can thee prevent ;  
Upon thy throne thou shalt remain,  
Thou art omnipotent.*

*Thy love, so free, adored be,  
Thy wisdom we admire ;  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,  
This is our soul's desire.*

*We praise thee now, but then, we shall  
In praises more abound ;  
We long to see proud *Babel* fall,  
And saints possess her ground.*

## HYMN LIX.

*On some of the sweet Names of Jesus Christ.*

**T**HY name is like the ointment sweet,  
It makes the virgins love ;  
Thy fragrant smell doth please them well,  
And cause their souls to move.

When sin appears with damning looks,  
And justice doth menace ;  
The name of JESUS blots those books,  
And leads the soul to grace.

When we like parched ground do lie,  
Without one drop of rain ;  
Thy name, O Christ, doth us supply,  
And makes us green again.

And if we wander from the fold,  
And thereby lose our way ;  
Thou art a shepherd, we are told,  
To seek the lambs that stray.

When darkness dreadful things doth tell,  
And we no union see ;  
Thy name is then Emanuel,  
And God with such as we.

Sometimes our lusts unruly prove,  
And claim a lordship here ;  
But then thou art the Lord above,  
To rule us in thy fear.

And if thy covenant remain  
Hid from our present sight ;  
Thou art the messenger again,  
To bring it unto light.

Then let thy name for ever be,  
More praised ev'ry day ;  
And in thy beauty let us see  
Our blackness done away.

THE END.



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